rection of the rosets and the salads and the deserts, so your, "Homestead" has given us a new

desire for the drame, and really spurred us on to appreciate even-yes, even melodrama.

I remember that I saw a lank play just after

the visit to "The Old Homestead," And I pos-

itively revelled in the tank, which, at another

time, I should have scorpfully loathed. I en-

joyed this melodrama just as a country boy com-

ing from the dreamy inertia of his own native

though I were indeed coming from a coun

try home where I had spent a delightful.

fe-giving time-and that country home was

Managers ought to combine to thank you, dear

helped to fill theirs. Contrast is really the spice

of life. Much that by itself would be intolerable

little eccentricities or tried to force yourself ille-

gitimately. Your conduct, dear Uncle Joshua, has been dignified and unusual. You have never

even given us a souvenir to throw into our waste-

paper-basket, or made a speech to thank us for

aving accepted from you our money's worth.

You have not even informed us that you were

Incle Joshus Whitcomb for positively the two

hundredth time, or announced that the tenth

month of this unrivalled impersonation had just

begun. Even our tickets, Uncle Joshus, you

did not seem to care much about. You know

very well that we love to believe that we are

obliged to buy them six months in advance,

And those eager "crowds surrounding the box-office," what has become of them?

Alas! Uncle Denman surely you need a

manager, a nice, good consistent liar. You

have kept us in ignorance of so much of the

sual and expected. It must seem strange to

many that this has not hurt you, but it hasn't.

And now, dear Uncle, your admiring nephew

wishes you a plenteous holiday, Educated

horses succeed you at the Academy, but they

cannot take your place, any more than the trained monkeys that followed Irving at the

plant itself securely once more in our busy me-tropolitan Fourteenth thoroughfare while

Uncle Joshus, Aunt Matilda, Cy Prime, Seth

Perkins and Rickety Ann can all come and break

thoughts, by force of contrast, may make your

A Page of Fun in the SUNDAY WORLD.

The Modern Way.

Editor-Yes, Mr. Lilacs, and I like them

FROM MONTANA.

GENTLEMEN: I have taken a great many of Dn. C

McLane's CELEBRATED LIVER PILLS and find them to

be a wonderful pill—all that you claim for them. The act like a charm in case of biliousness, sick headache

Cure sick headache, biliousness, liver complaint

dyspepsia, heartburn, indigestion, malaris, pimples of face and body, impure blood, &c., by using regular

DR. C. McLANE'S CELEBRATED LIVER PILLS, prepare

HELENA, M. T., Jan. 26, 1888.

MRS. HENRY WINELEMAN.

ALAN DALE.

country home all the pleasanter.

did I not 7 Well, I meant au revoir.

Poet-Have you read my verses?

You.

Box 954.

tar could take his, "The Old Homestead" can

ills would joyfully sit through-say

Uncle Joshua Whitcomb's.

AMUSEMENTS.

14 EXTER MATINE DECORATION DAY.

K. EMM

A VOID ENTER THE PROPERTY OF THE PARTY OF TH

19TH ST. AND 4TH AVE

BIJOU THEATRE. Broadway, near 20th of Economics at 8.30. Mathrees WEP, and SAT.

101st to 100th PERFORMARCHES Of Hogy's function of comedian.

CASING AND S. BROADWAYARD TIPE
THE BRIGANDS.
BURPANSING IN GRANDER AND SUCCESS
ALL OTHER ATTEMPTS.

Continuous Roof Garden Concert, 7, 30 to 12 Nighth Admission 50 cents, including both entertainments.

BARNEY BALDWIN, THE BROKEN MEOR BARNEY BALDWIN, THE BROKEN MEORY BALDWIN, THE BROKEN MEORY BALDWIN, THE BROKEN MEORY BALDWIN

CIRAND OPERA-HOUSE.

CIRAND OPERA-HOUSE.

Reserved Seats, Grebestra Circle and Balcony, 50s.

EXTRA MATINEE THURSDAY (Decoration Day).

BURGER B. THE PAYMASTER. Wed. stea.

Harrison. HE PAYMASTER. Wed. stea.

Harrison. Wesk.—Grand English Opera "MARTHA."

UNION SQUARE THEATER. J. M. HELL.

RICHARD GOLDEN as

OLD JED PROUTT.

Matines Saturday. Extra Matines Decoration Dec.

June 3—First production of the opera ARDRIBIA.

CREMATION. And Host of Northless Broadway and Right on McCaulde.

MADISON SQUARE THRATE

LAUGHING SUCCESS

Companion to 'Private for retary." Eves. 8.30. Mai. 122

STAR THEATRE.

Serenting at Matthees Thurs and Saturday at L.

ANNETTE ANNETTE ANNETTE ANNETTE ANNETTE ANNETTE ANNETE ANNETE ANNET THE A

PROCTOR'S THEATRE. | Matines

COUNTY FAIR.

OPERA

COMPANY.

NEWSPAPER CLIPPINGS DEVOTED TO THE PROPAGATION OF MERRIMENT.

> Scenes In Circus Life. [From Puch.]



Spokesman-Look here, young feller, we're three mighty bad men, an' we allus goes into a circus free; so hand out the ticks, an' don't keep us waitin' or else we'll—



Circus Official (to trained boxing grizzly)-fast'll do, Jeff, get back in your cage;

Mrs. Simeral-Here's an item about the man who first suggested Mr. Harrison for the Fresidency. He certainly ought to have an office.

Mr. Simeral—It's impossible, my love.

There are not enough offices.

A Ridiculous Mistake. (From the Minneapolis Tribune.) Chicago Woman-I want a marriage license My fiance is too busy to come himself.

Clerk of Courts (glancing at calendar)-Let me see, this is the tenth, isn't it?
Chicago Woman—Why, how perfectly absurd of you! This is only my sixth. A Lesson in Love.

[From the Epoch.]
George (nervously)—Do you love me? Will you marry me? Almira—Not so fast, George. One at a

When They Dine. [From the Omaha World,] Mealtime Caller-When do you dine? Precocious Little Daughter-We always have to wait till callers go. I'm getting awful hungry.

The Face a Mirror. (From the Burlington Pres Press.)
Tubbs—I flatter myself that honesty printed on my face.

Grubbs—Well — er — yes, perhaps — with some allowance for typographical errors.

Good Excuse. Paterfamilias-Clara, I see that the front gate is down this morning. Clara (shyly)—Yes, papa, you know love levels all things.

A Great Inducement. [From Barper's Basar.]
Cora—What induced you to tell Mr. Meritt went to the party last night with George. Little Johnnie—A quarter.

Not Too Sudden.

Fond Lover (after a long-delayed proposa -Perhaps I've been too sudden, darling. Darling Girl (regaining her composure with a mighty effort) -Yes, George, it is very very sudden, but (and here she became faint again) it is not too sudden.

Lived on a One-Track Road.



Si Low (of Wheat Corners)-They seem to run this elevated road in a mighty one-sided

Aunt Amanda—How so?

Si Low—Why, we've passed five trains go.

ag up on the other track, and not a single
one coming down on this.

John Montgomery Ward Writes of the Rights of Ball Players - SUNDAY'S WORLD.

PRETEXTS FOR LAUGHTER NOT MUCH OF A SURPRISE. AU REVOIR, MR. THOMPSON. the play as much as ever. The drama is of

THE BERKELEY CLUB'S RESIGNATION PROM THE A. A. U. WAS EXPECTED.

Lymnn and Murray to Meet Again in the Fall-Jack Hopper Confident of Being Able to Defeat Billy Dacey-The Maninttan's Spring Meeting To-Morrow-Will Day Was Overtrained.

The announced intention of the Berkeley Athletic Club to resign from the A. A. U., while it causes regret among the other mem bers of the A. A. U., did not create as much surprise as it would have six weeks ago. The refusal of the Executive Committee of the A. A. U. to entertain the idea of the invitation races proposed by the Berkeley naturally chagrined the Club. The Berkeley meant these races as an entering wedge to an amicable settlement of the differences between the A. A. U. and N. four A's. the A. A. U. and N. four A's. The Club was rather surprised when its well-meant proposa s were rejected so promptly. As the majority of the members of the Club, joined to aid the cause of athletics, and not to continue a petty strife unworthy the high standing of such a powerful organization as the A. A. U., the best course to be adopted was to resign its membership—so thought most of the members. The Club will hereafter, or until some settlement occurs between the N. fourfa. and A. A. U., continue as an independent organization. It is quite probable it will attempt, no more overtures towards peace.

Jack Lyman announces that he will not en-Jack Lyman announces that he will not en-tertain any challenges until after he has fought Billy Murray again for the 110-pound championship. As Murray is ready to meet him, it is probable the men will come together again in the Fall.

The first championship tournament to be held by the National Lawn-Tennis Association will occur at Flushing, L. I., June 6, 7 and 8. It will consist of the ladies' and gentlemen's singles and gentlemen's doubles.

Jack Hopper feels confident that he has improved sufficiently in acience since his last meeting with Billy Dacey to be able now to down him. Billy, however, is quite as confident that he is still superior to Hopper in ability. Both men are standing out for all the advantages they can possibly get. Hopper thinks he fights beat at 128 pounds. Dacey considers his best fighting weight 133 pounds. And here is the hitch. But the newly organized Cribb Club of Trov will offer a generous purse for the two men to fight for, which may bring the match to a head.

What has become of that proposed match between Mike Cushing and Austin Gibbons? These two are crackers at their weights, and a set-to between them would be highly inter-

J. S. Mitchell, that colossus at heavy weight throwing, threw the hammer 123 feet 8½ inches at the games at Bergen Point yes-terday. But, by some sceident, the hammer actually weighed seventeen pounds, a pound above the prescribed weight.

Willie Day, the great cross-country runner, gave up after making three laps from the scratch in the 1½ mile event at Bergen Point. The great stayer was overtrained. This is such a common error of athletes. They beat themselves bytworking too hard to get in what they consider good trim. Had Day not been too fine he would have had a sure thing of the one and one-half mile.

The Manhattan Athletic Club holds its annual Spring meeting to-morrow afternoon.

The Hornbacker Athletic Club, since it removed to its new quarters in East Third street, has flourished finely. In the Fall the Club intends to add a complete gymnasium to its equipment.

The breaking of the four-mile record at New London is said to be the aim of the Yale University eight in its race with Harvard. With this end in view the crew has already overtrained, which has affected its chances of doing so somewhat. And now, with the Harvard crew in fine trim, the Yale boys will have to go a little carefully or the walkover which it is thought they would have with the crimsons may not pan out.

Let the Little Folks Read the SUNDAY

Anniversary of Stephen A. Donglas Lodge. The Stephen A. Douglas Lodge, No. 357, I.O.O.F., celebrated their sixteenth anniversary at their club-rooms, 189 Bowery, Wednesday evening. A flue programme was arranged, which consisted of vocal and recitative numbers by W. Pike. M. Richter, B. Block, Andy Merlin, Augusta Bitterman, E. Mulholiand and S. Mitchel. H. Stiefel, S. Gompers and Julius Harburger were the oractors of the evening. Richter's Orchestra furnished the music.

Puzzles and Prizes in the SUNDAY

Aged Rapidly.

[Prom the Yankes Blade.] Young Husband-What? You are twenty. five years old to-day? Why, you told me s year ago, just before the wedding, that you were only twenty.

Young Wife (wearily)—I have aged rapidly since I married.

A Windfall for Veterans Who Fought or the Gunboat Undine-SUNDAY'S WORLD.

ALAN DALE WRITES "THE OLD HOME-STEAD" A FAREWELL LETTER.

Some Things for Uncle Denman to Digest While He Is in His New Hampshire Home-Not an Actor, but Just Denman Thompson-A Pastoral Which Does No Affect Dramatle Romance.

My Dear Mr. Denman Thompson :

There is poetry in the atmosphere this morn ing; the sun brightly favors optimism; a balms breeze blows far away depressing influences; every beauty is effectively haloed, while evillook less black, and melancholy slinks into the background. The fortunate ones are thinking of pleasant beaches, of leafy groves, of tinkling waters, and all the rest of the pastoral. It and you, Mr. Thompson, are among those fortunate ones. Soon you will say good-by to your million nephews, will sling your little knapsack on your shoulder, and hie you away to New Hampshire.

I am not fishing for an invitation, Uncle Joshua; you must not think that. But I can't let you go without a line or two, congratulating you upon the result of your most remarkable theatrical season, and wishing you a hearty "to return," which you can digest at leisure after Saturday night. The poetry to which I have just alluded has intoxicated me somewhat. fain would call upon you, and sing to you, 'Oh. why do you go when the flowers are springing. " but, on second consideration, would not like you to begin your vacation dis abled and unhappy; and furthermore, the song in question is an Irish mother's lament, and as an Irish mother I should be a dead failure.

The success of " The Old Homestead" has o course inspired the imitative crowd of playwrights and Uncle Joshuas of more or less interest and of varied beauty have sprung up i mushroom-like rapidity. Occasionally we hear of an imitation meeting with more success tha an original, but in the present instant it is delightful to recall the fact that every Uncle Joshua copy has made its model stand out more conspicuously excellent. more unmistakably unique than before. And this circumstance is peculiar. "The Old Homestead " has defects of course; it is lacking in dramatic action. Yet nobody has been able to rectify its wanting-ness and at the same tim give us the episodic charm of Uncle Joshus Whitcomb's pastoral, and this shows very clearly that the charm of "The Old Homestead" of more worth than dramatic action, in this case at any rate.

You have somewhat disarmed criticism, Mr. Thompson, and that is a point for which I must heartily thank you. Those who have visited 'The Old Homestead" to criticise the work of a "star actor," have found indeed that their occupation was gone. You are not an actor, dear, avuncular sir. You are simply Denma Thompson. You appear upon the stage and enjoy yourself there. Two thousand eyes may be looking upon you, but that doesn't make you

I think that this is one of the most interesting facts in connection with your extremely interesting self. Suppose Irving went upon the stage and played Irving. We should be repelled, I am quite convinced, and this is said in all due deference to an artist. Imagine Booth standing up and being Booth. I wouldn't want to be in the house at the time, I am perfectly sure Hardly an actor or an actress upon the stage that could be behind the footlights himself or herself. Of course it is not neces sary that there should be such folk, as the ob ject of the profession is impersonation or interpretation. Yet Denman Thompson is Denman Thompson, and by simply being himself dear sir, he has made a fortune.

It really makes one's mouth water to think of It must be levely to know that you have such a nice, profitable self lurking about your waistcoat. The lives of most of us are hardly inter esting to ourselves, let alone pleasing to others Not a dollar could be made from the portrayed existence of ninety-nine out of a hundred of jaded city folk-and, of course, I speak as one of the laded folk. Think of our oneer little breakfasts, our hectic, prosaic money-grubbing, our feverish afternoons and tiresom evenings being "enacted" upon the stage. How wofully unconvincing, even with a dash of the dramatic as sauce!

Your success, Mr. Thompson, is, of course, very easy to explain. Thank goodness that it is. It would not do for us to know no reason why our lives could not be made as profitable as yours. If I could not account for your phenomenal good fortune, I should at once seek Messrs Gilmore and Tompkins and remark: " Gentle, men. Denman Thompson is no actor, and yet he has appeared nightly upon the stage of the Academy of Music and filled his pockets and purse. Let me hire your theatre from you and see if I can't do the same. I am also no actor. "The Old Homestead" has appealed because it came at a time when public taste was tired of tawdry plays with improbable plots and impossible people and far-fetched motives. A plot is an awful undertaking. It must of necessity deal with out-of-the ordinary events, because as I before said, our lives are hardly interesting. So exceptional cases are eagerly looked for and dramatized, and people when they go to the theatre expect romance, which they generally get, strongly tinted with impossibility.

Your pastoral, Mr. Thompson, does not in the least affect dramatic romance. People still love

80s. C. McLank's Chilanga, Price 25 cents. Solid by all druggists. Insist upon having the genuins Bros., of Pittsburg, Pa. the market being full of mitistions of the name McLank, spelled differently, but of the same pronunciation. Always make sure of the words. Fleming Bros., Pittsburg, Pa.," on the wrapper. So exceptional cases are eagerly looked for and

TALK OF THE STAGE WORLD.

made, and will make the world endurable. But The Old Homestead" has come in as so much ACTORS AND MANAGERS MAKING PLANS refreshment. After seeing it, we can go back to our plays with renewed zeal. As the sorbet is to FOR NEXT SEASON. the dinuer, pushing as gently forward in the di

> lanager Sisson Arranging for the Salvini Tour-Miss Alice King Hamilton Engaged for "Lord Chumley "-A Parisian "Lit-Lord Fauntlerey"-Narah Bernbarde's Failure as Lenn Despard-Rose Coghlan Will Go to San Francisco. Wesley Sisson has just completed arrange

ments for the tour of Salvini next season. which will begin at Palmer's Theatre Oct. 7. Mystery of Fernleigh Abbey," or "The Boy Tramp and His Mahise Mother," I felt as two days after Col. McCaull's Comic Opera Company has withdrawn. Salvini will play for four weeks at Palmer's and then go to Boston, Philadelphia, Washington, Pitts. burg, Chicago and as far West as Denver. He will probably go no further West unless be decides to visit Australia. Salvini has uncle. Though you have packed your own theatre, I am convinced that you have also never been to Australia, and is convinced that there is a "pot helped to fill theirs. Contrast is really the spice of life. Much that by itself would be intolerable is exquisite by comparison. A perpetual smile becomes a hideous grimace. You artistically realized the force of contrast when you sandwiched a city scene between the layers of "The Gladiator" and "Sampson," most of the time being devoted to "Othello." He will play only four times a week, and on the off nights and the sever, and behold, the second act was in the ordinary every-day luxurious city. Just as this was beginning to grow wearisome back you took u to the country, and there you ended, sending us home with a bucolic flavor in our mouth or to some dairy where we could fondly imagine that the milk tasted cow-y and that the butter was no relation to oleo.

Certainly those who have declared you were no actor, and made the statement in a derogatory manner, can never accuse you of having posed for one, dear Mr. Thompson. Never once during your long solourn among us have I beheld your form mingled with the frequenters of the Rialto; never once have I heard you declare that you were "simply great" or had made "the hit of your life." Never have you aped little scentificially realized the force of contrast when you sand. The filed the filed of the country. His repertoire here will consist of "Othello," "The Gladiator" and "Sampson," most of the time being devoted to "Othello." He will play only four times a week, and on the off nights appear with his lather and also on of nights appear with his lather and also on of nights appear with his lather and also on of nights appear with his lather and also on of nights appear with his lather and also on of nights appear with his lather and also on of the time being devoted to "Othello." The Gladiator and "Sampson," most of the time being devoted to "Othello." The Gladiator and "Sampson," most of the time being devoted to "Othello." The Gladiator and "Sampson, "in the time being devoted to "Othello." The Gladiator and "Sampson, "in the time being devoted to "Othello." The s money" for him in that country. that you were "simply great" or had made "the hit of your life." Never have you aped

Miss Alice King Hamilton, the author of "One of the Duanes" and "Lochinvar," has been engaged for the "Lord Chumley" tour, to play the part assigned at the Lyceum Theatre to Miss Dora Leslie. Miss Hamilton spent last season as leading lady in a small Western company. She will probably give us another novel one of those days embodying her own interesting stage experiences. Miss Hamilton is charming to look upon and not a bit blue-stockingish. not a bit blue-stockingish.

Miss Adele Palmer is to play the part of the French maid in "The Great Metropolis," f which preparations are already being made

Manager Duquesnel, of the Gymnase Theaire, Paris, wants to do "Little Lord
Fauntieroy." Think of the story of "dearest" and her boy "going" among the
Parisians. Duquesnel, however, has written
to this city for the manuscript in French, and
declares that there is a child in Paris at the
present time who could just play the part.
The play has, therefore, been translated and
sent to Paris as "Le Petit Lord Fauntieroy."
It has also gone to Manager Entsch. of Berlin, as "Der Kleine Graf Fauntieroy."
The date for the Australian production of
Mrs. Burnett's play has not as yet been lin, as "Der Kleine Graf Fauntieroy."
The date for the Australian production of
Mrs. Burnett's play has not as yet been
fixed, but negotiations are at present being
made with two well-known Australian theatrical firms. So "Little Lord Fauntleroy's" day has by no means gone by.

"As In a Looking Glass," with Sarah Bernbardt as Lena Despard, has been some-thing of a failure in Paris. How much of a failure can be best judged by the announce-ment that it was withdrawn and succeeded by bread with us again. You, in your pleasant Swanzey home, can think of us being slowly broiled on red-hot pavements, and rapidly re-duced in the big city frying pan, and such

Young Mr. Thurnaer, the business man-ager and major domo of Prof. Herrmann, is to have a benefit at the Fifth Avenue Theatre Tra-la, Uncle Denman. Think sometimes of your city nicces and nephews while you are rusticating among your geese. I said Tra-la,

A number of Western actors who have been accustomed to making Chicago their head-quarters during the Summer have come to New York to mingle with the exclusive Rualtoites. Several of them have already declared that a Western actor has no show in the East and that managers will not look at him.

"Grisette: a Tale of Paris and New York," by Lew Rosen, the dramatic writer, has just been published by John Delay. Mr. Rosen has lightly sketched the character of a woman "volatile by nature," who in spite of "shingled hair" and a "complexion like a tea-rose," falls desperately in love with a Bowery variety man who sings to her "Come Where the Sea is Moaning Sad and Lonely," and oyercomes her by the beauty of this music. Mr. Rosen has also sketched Grisette's antecedents and her peculiarities are nearly all indorsed by celebrated cynical like De la Rochefoucauld. There are one or two familiar New York people mentioned in the book and very thinly disguised. Exactly how they will enjoy the honor conferred upon them remains to be seen. Mr. Rosen is a graceful, feuilletonic writer. "Grisette; a Tale of Paris and New York," very much.

Poet—How much are they worth?

Editor—About \$25.

Poet—Well, here's a check for the amount and I hope you will publish them soon. War Veterans, Read the SUNDAY WORLD'S Story of Unclaimed Money for

Miss Rose Coghlan is to summer in San Francisco.

The exercises commemorative of the eighth anniversary of the Actors' Fund of America take place next Tuesday at Palmer's Theatre. A. M. Palmer, Chauncey M. Depew, William Winter and Daniel Dougherty will speak. Eugene Oudm will sing and so will the Schumann male quartet.

A Page of Fun in the SUNDAY WORLD.

FAITH CURE ESTRANGED HIM. Puster Cookman Leaves His Methodist

lately prosperous Methodist Episcopal Church in Twenty-fourth street, in the resignation, not altogether voluntary, of their pastor, Rev. John E. Cookman, D. D. Further, Dr. Cookman has announced his pur-pose to join the Protestant Episcopal Church,

A surprise has come upon the members of the

pose to join the Protestant Episcopal Church, for which he has already made arrangements with Bishop Potter.

Dr. Cookman has been a man of prominence in the Methodist elergy, and his father and brother are highly esteemed pastors in the same denomination. He is an eloquent prescher and zesious worker.

Dr. Cookman refuses to state any reason for his change, but it is an open secret that the cause is his unpopularity with his flock, occasioned by his recent pronounced faith cure leanings.

For many months, they say, he has been an ally of the Rev. Dr. Simpson, and, much to their sorrow, has become markedly infected with the faith cure mysticism.

Many members have left the church in consequence, and two months ago there was a deficit of \$1,000 in the church finances, and guaran-tees for only 25 per cent. of the coming year's expenses could be obtained.

John Montgomery Ward on Baseball Players' Rights - Read the SUNDAY WORLD.

Cut Off the Water.



Mrs. Parvenu-Charles, you know you positively promised me you would reform luring the new year. Are you drinking any

leas liquor?

Mr. Parvenu—Yes, my dear, I am gradually tapering off Take only half the amount of water with my whiskey that I did, and hope to drop it altogether by July. Then I shall begin to reduce the amount of liquor itself. Trust me to keep a promise, my dear.

Baseball Enthusiasts, Read John Ward' Article in the SUNDAY WORLD.

The Season's News from all the Watering Places in the SUNDAY WORLD.

Specials in Shoes.

Ladies' Dongola Kid Waukenphast Button Boots,

\$1.80, worth 2.50, Ladies' Dongola Kid Button Boots, with patent leather tips, \$1.70, worth 2.50

Ladies' Dongola Kid Button Boots, common sense or box toe 1.65, worth 2.25. Ladies' tan color Oxford tie and tipped 1.05, worth 1.75.

Ladies' tan color Oxford tie, 95c. worth 1.50.

Lord & Taylor, Grand Street Store.

DON'T-BE-A-GUY

PEERLESS DYES AND IT DECOME

BUSINESS NOTICES. CARPET CLEANING-T. M. STEWART, 326 h ave.; send for circular; telephone call 126 21st st.

AMUSEMENTS. NEW MUSIC HALL THE ALHAM THE SS'S NEW MUSIC HALL AS 14th st. THE MONSTER ORCHESTRION.

DALY'S THEATRE.
Evenings punctually at S. Matir MISS ROSINA VOKES LONDON CONTANT

A CADEMY DENMAN THOMPSON LAST TIMES.
THE GLD HOMESTEAD THE GLD HOMESTEAD STURDAY, Last Night SATURDAY, 25c., 50c., 75c., \$1.00. BROADWAY THEATRE COR CORD TO THE FRANCIS WILSON COMIC OPERA THE COMPANY OF THE DAY. OOLAH.

KOSTER A BIAL'S CONCERT HALL. MONDAY, JUNE 3. FIRST TIME OF

THE LAVELY GALAL Last two nights
STANDARD THEATRE.
STANDARD THEATRE.
London theisty Co., with Nellie Farren and Free
Loslie.
Fr. and Sat. evenings, MONTE CHIPTO.
Saturday Matince, last time Miss STANGRALDA.
This company positively sails for England June S. MINER'S PROPLES THEATRE.

The Himous Orders.
BILLIE MYERS.
In a great sparring contest.

DARK, LOR and others.

H. B. JACOBS THIRD AVENUE THEATER JUNE 3-LONDON SPECIALTY COMPANY.

H. R. JACOBS CHALLA THEATRE. GRAY "THEOLD EXTRA MATINES STEPHENS. BUCKET." (DECRETADE ASP.) TONY PASTOR'S NEW 14TH ST. THRATAL PASTOR'S. Entra Matines DECORATION SAN THEATRE COMIQUE, BET, 34 LEX AVER

in PAT'S NEW WARDRORE.
Next week-HIS NATURAL LIFE. Matines Sat GRAND ST. GRAND MUSEUM GRAND CHAMBER OF MYSTERIES, SWORD WALKER, FLOATING WOMAN, BLOOD-BUCKING VAMPIRES Admission 10c. Reserved Seats, Sc. extra.

Hungarian LADY DANCERS.

RECORTAN AMUSEMENTS. L. SINN'S PARK THEATRE.

THE RUNAWAY WIFE. H. R. JACOBS' BROOKLYN THEATER. Matiness Monday, Wednesday and Saturday. RESERVED SEATS. BAN SULLY DADDY NOLAN.

GRAND OPERA-HOUSE, Knowled & Moorth Every availage Mathrees Wednesday and Saturday. THE TWO SISTERS.

LUCILLE: YANKEE

OR,

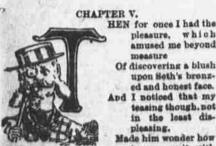
Cupid vs. Culture.

An Entertaining Story, with a Rhyme and a Moral, Complete in Six Chapters.

BY WILLIAM EDWARD PENNEY, "THE EVENING WORLD" POET.

pleasure, which amused me beyond

measure



upon Seth's bronzed and honest face And I noticed that my teasing though, not in the least dissing. Made him wonder how to answer it with

But Bir Mortimer Montagne groaned aloud as if

For which lucky interruption Seth was much much obliged, I know; "Kneel down Seth and tell His Grace round your neck his arms to place,

For you know from past experience you can lift him easier so."

"That is sometimes true," said he; "but, Lucille, you will agree. Circumstances alter cases to a very great de-Now, to me this case, for sooth, is like pulling out a tooth

And my style of operation you will very shortly Then Seth reached his long arm down till his hand a good grip found

On the costly velvet collar of His Lordship's walking suit. Then from out that horrid hole he extracted. sound and whole,

The disgusted, wretched Briton very angry.

red and mute. Very little would he say as we walked the home ward way. And no explanation offered for his presence is

Cin tree: But the fact was very plain that the tree stoo

Which he took in such a hurry when he rai away from me. Soon His Lordship took his leave, over which I

Then we went into the kitchen and there told the story o'er Of my danger in the field, nor His Lordship's

flight concealed.



flashed and glistened Underneath his shaggy eyebrows, till our narrative was done Then he walked across the floor and took down from o'er the door, Where it hung upon some brackets, an old-

frahioned flint-lock gun. Then he came across where I sat almost prepared to fly. And before me stood a moment, while no sound the silence broke;

What on earth he would do next? was the question. Was he vexed At his Lordship or at me? For an answer this he spoke:



When yer great-grandfather Stanton With this weep'n shot to kill British sogers on the fields of

Lexington 'nd Bunker Hill; When yer great-grandmother, also, Melted all her pewter ware

Into bullets for the rebels And refused one spoon to spare.

" When this good old trusty musket Oft 'nd loud for freedom spoke, From stup walls 'nd trees 'nd thicket, And amid the battle's smoke. Sendin' swift 'nd true the answer Of a freeman tu the call Of a tyrant tu surrender

With a home-made rifle ball; "When yer gret-grandfather waited With this musket in his hand, Sorely wounded but unconquered. In that last heroic stand On the bloody heights of Bunker, When the third flerce charge was made,

And that little band of heroes Met it coolly, undismayed-" Had this lordly English coward Met yer stern forefather there, As he stood bare-headed, bloody Like a lion in his lair, With his musket clubbed 'nd ready, And his powder horn run dry, He'd have had an excuse better

"Though an Englishman in those days Didn't frighten worth a cent. But were brave and faced their duty Everywhere that they were sent. English'lords wan't all the fashion In America just then English style and English accent

Wan't the go in upperten.

Than to-day's to turn 'nd fly.

"What think you would Ezra Stanton, Had he then the future read. And discovered his descendants Chasing English dudes, have said? Had he seen this land of freedom Overrun with foreign scamps-Seen our pretty Yankee maidens Fishing for the titled tramps?

"Seen Americans their birthright Sell for gain 'nd boodlers' gold, And the land he died defending Ruled by rings rich, greedy, cold? Well. I guess he would have reckoned. Seein' things as they are now, That the game wan't wuth the powder And gone back tu hold the plough,"

Saving this, he crossed the floor, shut with em phasis the door, And I heard his heavy footsteps die away along the path.

And I looked around, almost sure my greatgrandfather's ghost Had been conjured up to haunt me by my uncle Egra's wrath. Ezra's death on English lords, "said Aunt

Sarah. " He abhors Anything that ain't true Yankee, genume 'nd real true blue, and His Lordship's hasty flight, leaving you in

Has just riled his grit up awful, for he thinks the world of you. Aunt's kind words I hardly heeded, for if anything was needed

such a plight.

To compel my cup of deep humiliation to c'arflow. Twas to have my foolish plan to entrap that Englishman, Into calling in Seth's presence ridiculed and

riddled so. I declared my firm intention, spite of kindly intervention

On the part of dear Aunt Sarah, on the morrow to go home. Not a word spake Cousin Seth, though his face grew pale as death.

As I passed out through the garden in the field



(To be Continued.)